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HALE THEM INTO COURT

The Beef Packers Must Defend Themselves Before a Jury Against the Damning Charge of Profiteering

NOW we know why beef has gone to fifty and sixty cents a pound, bacon to forty-five and fifty cents and lamb and pork to prices twice what they were two years ago.

The revelations of the Federal Trade Commission, based on an investigation at which the packers were allowed to present their side of the case, are astounding. The five great packing companies have made a profit during the last three years of \$121,000,000 in excess of their normal gains. The profit of Morris & Co. is reported as 263.7 per cent on its capital stock, whereas its normal profits have been 8.6 per cent. Armour & Co. increased their capital stock from \$20,000,000 in 1916 to \$100,000,000, with the result that its percentage of profit was reduced, but none of the five companies has earned less than 27 per cent and the profits have ranged for all of them except Morris & Co. up to 47 per cent.

On their face these statements of fact justify the conclusion of the commission that "these packers have preyed upon the people unconscientiously."

The commission is not content with charging exorbitant profits. It accuses the five packing companies and their subsidiaries with "manipulations of the market that embrace every device that is useful to them without regard to law."

There is a prima facie case against them. Every householder knows that the prices of meat have been and still are exorbitant. He has been told that the demand of the armies and the high cost of feed and labor have made it necessary to put up the price. And he has believed it. But the evidence from the books of the companies themselves that an excess profit of more than \$120,000,000 has been made in three years, a profit amounting in the case of one company to more than 250 per cent, makes it impossible longer to accept these explanations.

The evidence as it stands is proof of unconscionable greed at a time when every patriotic citizen was expected to make sacrifices. There can be no justification for it in the minds of men not warped out of proper balance by the commercial spirit run mad.

The nation will not be content until the Attorney General has haled the accused men into court and has presented the evidence gathered by the commission to a jury of householders and permitted them to find a verdict in accordance with the facts.

If these men have violated the law in this crisis they should be sent to jail for the remainder of their natural lives. Whether the law is broad enough to cover their case or not, they have been guilty, on the evidence as it stands, of stabbing the nation in the back. They have made it more difficult for us to live at home and more difficult to feed our armies in the field. They have robbed the poor of the food needed to maintain them and have reduced the value of every dollar received in wages or salary by the great middle-class population.

This is an offense the enormity of which it is difficult to magnify. Proof of guilt in court should be followed by the seizure by the Government for the duration of the war of the plant of every packing company and its operation in the interests of the public. The stock raiser would then get a fair price for his cattle and the consumers would get meat, confident that it was being supplied at the lowest price consistent with fairness to the capital actually invested.

The commission also charges the millers, the oil refiners, the bituminous coal operators, the United States Steel Corporation and other industries with making excessive profits, but the greed of the men engaged in these enterprises has been petty in comparison with that of the meat packers. But if they are guilty they also should feel the hand of the law.

Profiteering is a moral crime today, for it weakens the nation when it is straining every nerve to win the most stupendous war of all history. There are laws under which the little men have been punished. We shall know in time whether there are any laws big enough to reach the great offenders.

The profiteering packers will now find a use for the sequel, the only part of the hog that failed to make a cent per cent turnover for them.

PRECIPITATE PROHIBITION UNWISE

THE "dry" forces in the Senate persist in their attempt to bring about national prohibition for the period of the war by a "rider" to the agricultural appropriation bill.

The latest proposal comes from Senator Norris, whose amendment to the bill provides that no distilled spirits may be sold for beverage purposes within the country and that no food products may be used in the manufacture of malt liquors and no fruits in the production of wines.

The prohibition of spirits and wines is to take effect on the passage of the bill, but three months' leeway is given to beer. In the first place, this issue should be met fairly on its merits in a separate bill, instead of as a rider. Discussion of it as a rider will delay the passage of a necessary appropriation bill.

In the second place, the enforcement of national prohibition at this time is of doubtful expediency. The managers of the great war industries have protested against experimenting when it is desirable that no pretext be given to any body of workers for complaint because of interference with their habits.

And anyway, the constitutional amendment is before the country and the State Legislatures which will meet next winter will have an opportunity to decide then whether they want prohibition or not. Don't let us not interfering with war work

READERS VIEWPOINT

Will the Government Relieve the Housing Situation?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—After reading an article from a builder and real estate operator in which he states that houses were not of paramount necessity, one would, naturally, assume a feeling of security and brush this question of rent profiteering from his mind. Yet we must look into the future, even though the present is, as he states, taken care of, and we must be guided by the great possibilities of our city in our various lines of war activities and as to what this is to mean in the requirements for homes.

Upon interviewing Mr. J. William Smith, housing director, the writer was informed that at the time the Emergency Fleet Corporation moved its force from Washington it experienced great difficulty in obtaining 300 new houses required, but he also states that the number of rooming accommodations was not fully exhausted, which would seem a very natural condition, as even today there could be found thousands of such rooming accommodations if they were really essentially necessary. A spare room is not uncommon in many homes.

However, this is not exactly what is most practical, as employees of the Government are fully capable and able to buy houses if they are obtainable, and they, like others, are anxious to have their own homes and not merely exist in rooming.

As we have for the last twenty years found it necessary to build yearly about 7500 houses to supply the real estate demand, it would hardly seem practical to figure that in view of this demand and considering that thousands of new people have moved to our city, new houses should not be built to take care of the future.

We must keep in mind that it takes from four to six months to erect an operation of 100 to 500 houses, even in normal times, and if no houses are contemplated or started this year the only alternative is that old properties will enhance in value and become as high in price as the demand assumes. Rents, too, will be raised to meet the question of that supply and demand, and it is not difficult to see the result, remembering the fact that owners of houses for the past years have found them a poor investment on account of the rents being low as compared to the carrying charges, which means that real estate has been more one of speculation than an investment.

The editor of this paper is, to my mind, correct in urging the application of the only remedy that will bring relief and meet the possibilities of high prices on old houses and increase in rents, and if we want to be able to house new people this year, or the years of prosperity which are sure to follow, houses must be built.

We now find our house market virtually exhausted and the consensus of opinion is that like "ships," more houses are very essential and very necessary, and the question is one to be worked out by the builders and real estate men, so that building can go on ahead of the great developments in our city.

If concerted action is taken to obtain Government help, the question of mortgage money and labor will, in some way, be overcome. WILLIAM R. NICHOLSON, JR., Philadelphia, June 29.

The Joys of the Morning

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Given a good digestion and a mind at ease, I never leave home in the early morning without feeling an intense desire to shout aloud out of sheer exuberance of spirit.

As I turn to wave another good-bye to my two-year-old son, whose laughing blue eyes peep out through the porch railing, the very front of the house presents an interesting and sympathetic appearance. So dull and prosaic looking the evening before, it seems to have been raised, as if by magic, into the night and to look out upon the morning like the shining countenance of a schoolboy.

Even the dolls and grotesque-looking toys in the window of the corner store seem to have the advent of a new day as they turn their glistening painted faces to meet the big, admiring eyes of the children on their way to school.

This trolley car of brilliant yellow that comes humming cheerily along, casting its long blue shadow ahead, with the sun striking balls of fire in its windows; surely this is the advent of a new day as they turn their glistening painted faces to meet the big, admiring eyes of the children on their way to school.

And now we are crossing the bridge over the Schuylkill. My wife says that the river has the most beautiful appearance in the morning. As it rippled around the bridge foundations and laps the sides of the sand-laden banks, its ripples seem to be beckoning to the long freight train that is backing to the long trestle that runs along the trestle high above the adjacent railroad yard.

To those who are responsive to its fresh charms the appeal of the morning is irresistible. The sun is just rising, and the imagination may conjure and offering itself equally to the banker in his limousine and the urchin in the tenement court.

EDWARD BOWERS, Philadelphia, June 29.

The War "Sits" for the Painter

The present war, says Robert C. Holliday in the July Bookman, is not in anything more unlike any other war than in its relation to art. In the past, artists have painted and that of painting. Most of the authors of the world are now soldiers, and most of the soldiers who were not authors before the war are authors now. And the art of painting and that of painting. Most of the authors of the world are now soldiers, and most of the soldiers who were not authors before the war are authors now.

Only the artist can show the visible scene in the light of the spirit in which it is lived. He does not merely draw ruined churches and houses, great guns being aimed, guards and lorries, doctors and wounded men. His is the art of painting the scene in which it is lived. He does not merely draw ruined churches and houses, great guns being aimed, guards and lorries, doctors and wounded men.

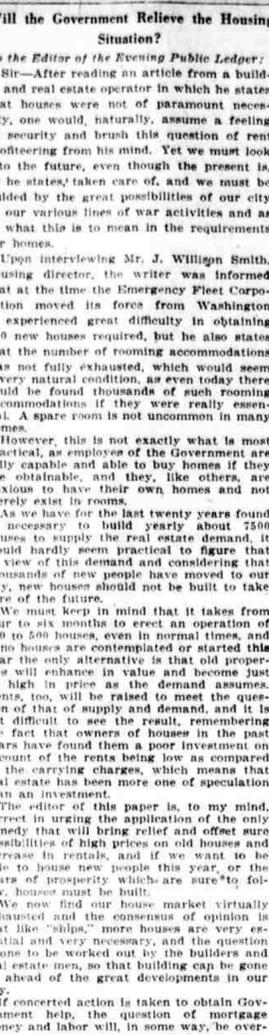
At the request of General Pershing for eight artists for the American Expeditionary Force in France, the War Department has ordered a committee on selection to be formed. C. D. Gibson, chairman, and this committee chose the men who are to make drawings and paintings of the scenes which the American army is fighting, and whose work from now until peace comes is to be preserved by the Government as part of the historical documents of the war. These eight men, commissioned with the rank of captain in the engineers, and who recently sailed for France, are Ernest Peixoto, Wallace Morgan, J. Andre Smith, Walter Scott Dana, Larry Townsend, George Harding, Harvey Dunn and William J. Aylward.

What they will do with the war remains, of course, to be seen. At any rate, there is no record in the annals of art of any other group of young men having had so great an opportunity.

A New Order

Not only is the old order no good any more, but the old order is a back number, even if you just bought it a year or so ago. A Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SPEAKING OF WAR BABIES



Beinkamp in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What Happened at Headquarters

By Our Special Correspondent

"I AM glad you are here," said Rosner, "but you will have to be very careful what you say to the All-Highest. He is very savage this morning. He has just heard that a street in Paris has been named after Wilson. You know he had always intended that honor for himself. That is really why he was so anxious to get to Paris."

I took a modest seat in the corner of the council room. OUTSIDE I heard the sound of a numbing of people listening. A harsh voice was speaking. The Kaiser was saying: "It is not that I am afraid of the American soldiers. They are too well fed to be good fighters. But what I object to is the villainous way they talk French. Their accent is barbarous. If they keep on coming to France in such numbers the purity of the French language will be utterly corrupted. As you know, I am concerned for the literary and cultural future of France. As a German province it is essential that its artistic instincts be not perverted. Therefore I must absolutely forbid that more Americans enter the country."

There was a chorus of guttural jawohls and the company entered. Rosner and I sprang to our feet, saluting stiffly. WILHELM seated himself at the head of the table. At his right were Hindenburg and Ludendorff. At his left, Hertling, who looked a little battered. Rosner took a chair at the lower end of the board, where pencils and paper were waiting.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Kaiser, "we have a number of important matters to discuss. I have been up since very early this morning. Here is a draft I have prepared for Kuehlmann's next speech. After he has delivered it I fear we shall have to send him to Switzerland in a cattle car. Of course, it is unfortunate for him, but I will see that he is compensated by having a street in Paris named for him. Hertling, you will see that this speech is uttered as I have written it. I don't mind Kuehlmann punctuating it his own way. Understood, not?"

"Then we will proceed to our geography of Paris. Hindy, will you tell me how you would proceed to go from the Arc de la Triomphe to the Champs Elysees?" "A PLEASANT little morning stroll, All-Highest," said Hindy, removing the clinical thermometer from his mouth. "Passing down the Wilhelmstrasse and across the Place Hohenzollern, I would halt a moment to admire the ruins of Rue Woodrow Wilson. The Furchbarstrasse would perhaps be a short cut, but enjoying the fragrant savor of the Shrecklich-kaff sausage market I think I should take a detour in that direction, passing the statue of Troitsky on the Boulevard Bolshievik. Leaving the Preussische Kulturverein on my left hand, I would turn smartly to the left and find myself saluting your effigy at the entrance to the Champs Elysee."

"Excellent!" said the Kaiser. "And when will this take place?" "In August, Highness," said Hindenburg—a little uneasily, I thought. "Fardon me, All-Highest," said Rosner, "but for accuracy in my notes may I say which August? I mean, August, 1918, or 1919, or 1920?" "Certainly not, idiot!" roared the Kaiser.

"Hertling," said the Emperor, "you will please give us a brief ausstellungsgeschichte of recent events in Russia. I have already made up my mind as to what has happened, but I wish to see how near right you may be. Commence!" Hertling looked rather groggy. "Your Majesty will forgive me," he said, "if I seem a little uncertain. I have caught cold from wearing a paper waistcoat and a constant diet of turnips. I find—"

"Simpleton!" shouted the Kaiser. "Our good old German turnips are nourishing enough for civilians. Continue." "Sire, as I understand it, Lenin and Trotsky have had to flee from Moscow and are surf bathing at Murman while waiting for one of our U-boats to call for them." "Surf bathing or surf bathing?" said the Kaiser, who must have his joke. All the table roared and the All-Highest was so delighted that he forgot all about Russia.

"NOW, Lady," said Wilhelm, "it is your turn. Tell me what we can do to celebrate the Fourth of July. Tirpitz wires me that there are no American women and children on the sea now, so we cannot hope for any U-boat successes." "All-Highest," said Ludendorff, "I have become convinced that the Americans are enthusiastic Germans at heart. From all quarters where their troops are engaged I hear of their eagerness to get into German territory. Apparently they are not satisfied with France. Their sole ambition is to press on, to become more familiar with the great German institutions, to tread upon German soil. The secret of military success, Highness, is to keep the enemy in a good humor. Therefore I suggest that we allow them to make a little gain on July Fourth, just because it will please them so. The nearer they come to Germany the more they will be convinced of the beauty and serenity of our landscape. You yourself, Sire, have pointed out how much fairer our country is than France. France is a land of shattered villages, of blood and flame and wreckage and many clothes dug in slime. But in the Fatherland we have quiet beauty and placid fields of turnips."

Hertling shuddered. "I HAD not thought of it in that way," said Wilhelm. "Now that you mention it, the American eagerness to become better acquainted with Germany is a touching thing. By all means let them gain a little if it will please them." "And now," he added, "you must excuse me. My little class in architecture meets this morning. I am giving them some instructions on the restoration of Gothic cathedrals. Rosner, you will let me look over your notes before you transmit them. Good morning."

THE others looked at each other sadly. "It is all very well," said Hertling, "for Wilhelm to say that turnips are nourishing, but he doesn't have to eat them. Also Geheimerat Woodrow Wilson will utter another speech on July Fourth and I shall be expected to reply to it. I'm sure I don't know what I shall say. I hate those speeches of Wilson; there seems no proper repartee to them." Hindy was examining his clinical thermometer. "One hundred and three," he said dolefully. "I ought not to be going about this way. I am a sick man. I wish I could have some easier job, like commander of the Black Sea fleet."

"Look here," said Lady. "There is one perfectly bully way for us to get to Paris by August. And they say that the French give their prisoners three square meals a day." "What do you mean?" said Rosner. "Simple enough," said Lady. "Let's all go out and get captured."

THE FIGHTING SWING

ONCE again the regiments marching down the street. Shoulders, legs and rifle barrels swinging all in time— Let the slack civilian plod; ours the gayer feet, Dancing to the music of the oldest earthly rhyme. Left, right, trim and tight! Hear the cadence fall, So the legion Caesar loved shook the plains of Gaul. Fighting bloods of all the earth in our pulses ring, Step! lads, true to the dads. Back to the fighting swing!

We have kissed good-bye to doubt, left the fret and stew; Now the crows may steal the corn, now the milk may spill. All the problems in the world simmer down to two: One is how to dodge the shells, one is how to kill. Left, right, glints of light! Down the ranks they run. So the January spears caught the desert sun. Once again the ancient steel has its lordly fling. Flash, away, battle array! Back to the fighting swing!

Set and silent every mouth, steady every eye— Groping, wrangling days are done; let the leaders lead. Regulations how to live, orders when to die— Life and death in primer print any man can read. Left, right, eat and fight! Dreams are blown to bits. Here's the Old Guard back to life, bound for Austerlitz. Shake the soft and quit the sweet; looses the arms that cling. Blood, dust, grapple and thrust! Back to the fighting swing! —Badger Clarke, in Scribner's Magazine.

Very Inconsiderate The Navy Department rules that "yoo-ettes" must wear cotton hose and longer skirts. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life.—Birmingham Age Herald.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. Where is Radcliffe College? 2. Who is General von Kluck? 3. What is the capital of Maine? 4. What is the national hymn of Great Britain? 5. Who wrote "The Lady of Shalott"? 6. Who is the Russian ambassador to the United States? 7. What did the Puritans land at Plymouth Rock? 8. Who are the Czechs? 9. Who was the fifth President of the United States? 10. Where is Camp Devens?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. London is the largest city in the world. 2. "Federalization" or "nationalization" of industries or public utilities means government control, either direct ownership or operation of the industry or utility concerned. 3. The colors of the University of Michigan are azure blue and maize. 4. "Othello" a tragedy by Shakespeare. 5. Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were Elizabethan playwrights who are known mainly for their collaboration on plays. Though each wrote dramas independently, they often collaborated on noble sentiment and written in excellent style. Othello, written in the same style. 6. Lisbon is the capital of Portugal. 7. Georges Clemenceau is the Premier of France. 8. Monte Granua, an important mountain in the Alps region. Italy, west of the Alps, and between the Po and the Alps. 9. The thirteenth year, one of a class of years, is the year in which the dominical letter is the same as the year immediately preceding it. 10. The thirteenth year, one of a class of years, is the year in which the dominical letter is the same as the year immediately preceding it.